



Gravelot in.

G. Vander Gucht Seal



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R O M E O
AND
J U L I E T.

A Shakspeare / No. 2

By SHAKESPEAR.

With ALTERATIONS, and an additional
SCENE:

As it is Performed at the *Theatre-Royal*
in *Drury-Lane*.



L O N D O N:

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Advertisement.

THE Alterations in the following Play are few, except in the last act; the Design was to clear the Original as much as possible, from the Jingle and Quibble which were always thought a great Objection to performing it.

When this Play was reviv'd two Winters ago, it was generally thought, that the sudden Change of Romeo's Love from Rosaline to Juliet was a Blemish in his Character, and therefore it is to be hop'd that an Alteration in that Particular will be excus'd; the only Merit that is claim'd from it is, that it is done with as little Injury to the Original as possible.



Dramatis Personæ.

ROMEO,
Escalus,
Paris,
Mountague,
Capulet,
Mercutio,
Benvolio,
Tibalt,
Old Capulet,
Friar Lawrence,
Friar John,
Balthasar,
Gregory,
Sampson,
Abram,

JULIET,
Lady Capulet,
Nurse,

Mr. Garrick.
Mr. Winstone.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Burton.
Mr. Berry.
Mr. Woodward.
Mr. Mozeen.
Mr. Blakes.
Mr. Wright.
Mr. Havard.
Mr. Paddick.
Mr. Ackman.
Mr. W. Vaughan.
Mr. James.
Mr. Marr.

Miss Bellamy:
Mrs. Bennet.
Mrs. James.

*Citizens of Verona, several men and women
relations to Capulet, Maskers, guards
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth
act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of
the Play, in and near Verona.*

ROMEO



ROMEO and JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter Sampson and Gregory.

SAMPSON.



GREGORY, I strike quickly, being mov'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Mountague moves me.

Greg. Draw thy tool then, for here come of that house.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; Quarrel I will back thee, but — Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir :
but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir ? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you : I serve as good
a man as you.

Abr. No better, Sir.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better : here comes one of my master's
kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tib. What, art thou drawn amongst these heartless
hinds ?

Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawn, and talk of peace ? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee :
Have at thee, coward. *[Fight.]*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them
down.

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gown.

Cap. What noise is this ? give me my sword,
My sword, I say : old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Mountague.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet*——— Hold me not,
let me go.

Enter Prince, with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of your neighbour-stained steel———
Will they not hear ? what ho ! you men ! you beasts,

That

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins ;
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our state.
 If ever you affright our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away,
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me ;
 And *Mountague*, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
 [Exeunt Prince and Capulet.]

S C E N E II.

Manent Mountague and Benvolio.

Moun. **W**H O set this antient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it
 began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach ;
 I drew to part them : In the instant came
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds.
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the Prince came.

Moun. O where is *Romeo* ?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peep'd through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad ;
 Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
 That westward rooteth from this city side,
 So early walking did I see your son.

10 ROMEO and JULIET.

Tow'rds him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone,)
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing him,
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew ;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed ;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Moun. Both by myself and many other friends ;
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close.
So far from sounding and discovery ;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Ben. So please you, Sir, *Mercutio* and myself
Are most near to him ; be't that our years,
Statures, births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
Measure the rule of his, I know not ; but
Friendship still loves to fort him with his like.
We will attempt upon his privacy,
And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.

Moun. 'Twill bind us to you : good *Benvolio*, go.

Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be hard denied.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

ROMEO and JULIET.

II

S C E N E III.

Before Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet and Paris.

Cap. **A**ND *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er 'what I have said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her.
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her will,
Fortune to her consent is but a part;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent; so woo her gentle *Paris*.
This night I hold an old accusom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love, and you among the rest;
One more most welcome! Come, go in with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Wood near Verona.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. **S**EE where he steals—Told I you not, *Benvolio*,
That we should find this melancholy *Cupid*
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence; with his arms
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Good morrow, Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But now struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Mer. Prithee: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love, me seems!

Alas, that love so gentle to the view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Where shall we dine?—O me—Cousin *Benvolio*,
What was the fray this morning with the *Capulets*?

Yet, tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

This love feel I; but such my froward fate,

That there I love where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my cousin? Oh *Juliet, Juliet*!

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?—

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Mer. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. In sadness then, I love a woman.

Mer. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman! and she's fair I love:
But knows not of my love, 'twas thro' my eyes
The shaft empiere'd my heart, chance gave the wound;
Which time can never heal: no star befriends me,
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow,
And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.

Mer. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think

Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:

Take thou some new infection to thy heart,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Examine other beauties.

Rom. He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;

What doth her beauty serve but as a note,

Remembring

Remembering me, who past that passing fair ;
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Mer. I warrant thee. If thou'lt but stay to hear,
To night there is an ancient splendid feast
Kept by old *Capulet*, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of *Verona* meet.

Rom. At *Capulet's* !

Mer. At *Capulet's*, my friend,
Go there, and with an unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a raven.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires ;
And burn the hereticks. All-seeing *Phœbus*
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself ; but let be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other fair,
And she will shew scant well.

Rom. I will along, *Mercutio*.

Mer. 'Tis well. Look to behold at this high feast,
Earth-treading stars, that make dim heaven's lights.
Hear all, all see, try all ; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.

Rom. My mind is chang'd ———
I will not go to night.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dream'd a dream last night:

Mer. Ha ! ha ! a dream !

O then I see queen *Mab* hath been with you.
She is the fancy's mid-wife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an Alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,

Prick'd

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers :
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies straight :
 O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tith-pig's tail,
 Tickling the Parson as he lies asleep ;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that *Mab* ———

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace :
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves,
 And we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early : for my mind misgives
 Some consequence, still hanging in the stars,
 From this night's revels.—lead, gallant friends ;
 Let come what may, once more I will behold,
 My *Juliet's* eyes, drink deeper of affliction :
 I'll watch the time, and mask'd from observation
 Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name :
 Tho' hate and discord 'twixt our fires increase,
 Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

[*Exit Mer. and Ben.*]

S C E N E V.

Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. **N**URSE, where's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve year old) I bad her come ; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid——where's this girl ? what, Juliet ?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter —— Nurse, give leave a while, we must talk in secret ; Nurse, come back again, I have remembred me, thou shalt hear my counsel : thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth, and yet to my teeth be it spoken, I have but eight, she's not eighteen ; how long is it now to Lammas-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd Days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all Days in the year come Lammas-eve at night shall she be eighteen. Susan and she (God rest all christian souls) were of an age. Well, Susan is with God ; she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be eighteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now fifteen Years, and she was wean'd ; I never shall forget it, of all the Days in the year, upon that day ; for I had then laid wormwood to my breast, sitting in the sun under the dove-house-wall ; my lord and you were then at Mantua —— nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy and fall out with the breast. Shake, quoth the dove-house —— 'twas no need I trow, to bid me trudge ; and since that time it is fifteen years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood she could have run, and wad-
led

led all about; for even the day before she broke her brow; and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man,) took up the child; yea quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now how a jest shall come about I warrant, and I should live a thousand Years, I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee peace.

Nurse. Peace, I have done; God mark thee to his grace, Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs't: And I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse, I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you

Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my 'count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world — Why he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I indart my eye,
Then your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter Gregory.

Greg. Madam, new guests are come, and brave ones,
all in masks. You are call'd; my young lady asked for,
the Nurse curs'd in the pantry; supper almost ready to
be serv'd up, and every thing in extremity. I must
hence and wait.

La. Cap. We follow thee,

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

S C E N E VI.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

The Capulets, Ladies, Guests, and Maskers, are discover'd.

Cap. **W**elcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have
your feet

Unplagued with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Who'll now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

I'll swear hath corns. I have seen the day e'er now,

That I have worn a Visor, and cou'd tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please; 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[Musick plays, and they dance.]

More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. Cousin *Benvolio*, do you mark that Lady, which

Doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman.

Ben. I do.

Rom. Does she not teach the torches how to shine?

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an *Aethiops'* ear;

The measure done, I'll watch her to her place,

And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Be still, be still, my fluttering heart.

Tib. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,

Fetch me my rapier, boy; what, dares the slave

Come hither cover'd with an antick face,

Te

18 *ROMEO and JULIET.*

To flee and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my Race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you thus?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tib. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a courtly gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

Tib. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

Be quiet, Cousin, or I'll make you quiet—

Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*A Dance here.*

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand

[*To Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this.

[*Kiss.*

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

For palm to palm is holy palmer's kisses.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. Thus then, dear saint, let lips put up their prayers.
[*Kiss.*

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Ben. What is her mother?

[*To her nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous,
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal:

I tell

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I tell you, he that can lay hold on her
Shall have the chink.

Ben. Is she a *Capulet*?

Romeo, let's be gone, the sport is over.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my mishap. [Exeunt.]

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.]

Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night:

More torches here—come on, then let's to supper.

[Exeunt.]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*

Jul. What's he that is now going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young *Mercutio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not
dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I talk'd withal.

[One calls within, Juliet.]

Nurse. Anon, anon—
Come, let's away, the strangers are all gone. [Exeunt.]



A C T



A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The S T R E E T.**Enter Romeo alone.*

R O M E O.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.**Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.**Mer. He is wise,*

And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

*Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.*Call, good *Mercutio*.*Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.*Why, *Romeo*! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,

Speak but one Rhime, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ah me*! couple but *love* and *dove*,Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,

One nick-name to her purblind son and heir;

I conjure thee by thy mistress's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demefns that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.**Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him**To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle**'Till she had laid it. My invocation is**Honest and fair, and in his mistress' name,**I conjure only but to raise him up.**Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,**To be comforted with the hum'rous night.**Mer. Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle bed,**This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:**Come, shall we go?**Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain**To seek him here that means not to be found. [Exeunt.]*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

A G A R D E N.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. **H**E jests at scars that never felt a wound —
But soft, what light thro' yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun!

[Juliet appears above at a window.]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it;
I am too bold—Oh were those eyes in heav'n,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were the morn:
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!
Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this sight
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
To the upturn'd wondering eyes of mortals
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*—wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[Aside.]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art not thyself so, tho' a *Montague*.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,

Retain

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, I will forsake my name,
And never more be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for what?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack; there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here,
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,

And

And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries
They say *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear—although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good night.
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul.

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good Nurse——Sweet *Mountague*, be true;
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
All this is but a dream! being in Night,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*]

I come, anon——but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——[*Within: Madam.*] By and by I
come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure his Tassel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her angry tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. *Romeo!*

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom.

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy Company.

Rom. And I'll stay here, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine Eyes, peace in thy breast;
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence with a basket.

Fri. **T**HE gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must fill up this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.

O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give:

Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,

B

And

And vice sometimes by actions dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs; Grace and rude Will:
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow;
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep will never bide;
 But where with unstuff'd brain unbruised youth
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides,
 Therefore thy earliness assureth me
 Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'ature;
 What is the matter, son?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again;
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where to the heart's core one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lie.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On *Juliet*, *Capulet's* fair daughter;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine:
 When, and where, and how
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I beg
 That thou consent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy saint *Francis*, what a change is here!
 But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,
 Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
 Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain?
 Be heedful, youth, and see you stop betimes,
 Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
 O'er-leaping duty, and each due regard,

Hurry

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Hurry thee on, thro' short-liv'd, dear-bought pleasures,
To cureless woes, and lasting Penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not, she whom I love,
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love:
Do thou with heav'n smile upon our union;
Do not withhold thy benediction from us,
But make two hearts, by holy marriage one.

Fri. Well, come, my pupil, go along with me.
In one respect I'll give thee my assistance;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, Love stands on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be?
came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent
a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd
with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear
with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the
blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter
Tibalt?

Ben. Why, what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. Oh he's the courageous captain of compliments;
he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and
proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in
your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist,
a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the

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first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such anticke lisping affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents: —— Jesu, a very good blade, —— a very tall man —— a very good whore. —— Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*?

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry she had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisbe* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.

Enter Romeo.

Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*, there's a *French* salutation for you.

Rom. Good morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Enter Nurse and her Man.

Rom. A sayle! a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. *Peter*.

Pet. Anon,

Nurse. My fan, *Peter*.

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young *Romeo*?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

If you be he, sir,

I desire some confidence with you.

Ben: She will indite him to supper presently.

Mer.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd: So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mar. No hare, Sir, but a bawd. *Romeo*, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mar. Farewel, ancient lady.

[*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An' a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; and thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

[*To her man.*

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much; Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon.

And there she shall at friar *Lawrence's* cell
Be shriv'd and married; here's for thy pains.

Nurse. No truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady;
lord, lord, when t'was a little prating thing——O,
there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
toad, a very toad, as see him: I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll war-
rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in
the versal world.

Rom. Commend me to my lady—— [Exit Romeo.

Nurse. A thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send the
nurse:

In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—
Oh she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve—
Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

Enter Nurse.

O Heav'n ! she comes. What news ?
Hast thou met with him ? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. How now, sweet Nurse :
O Lord, why look'st thou sad ?

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while ;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had ?

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee speak—Good nurse, speak.
Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that.
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you
know not how to choose a man : Go thy ways, wench,
serve God — What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no, — but all this did I know before :
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes ! what a head have I !
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side — O my back, my back :
BesREW your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith I'm sorry that thou art so ill.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a virtuous — where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ? why she is within,
Where should she be ? how oddly thou reply'st !

Your love says like an honest gentleman :

Where is your mother —

Nurse. O our lady dear,
Are you so hot ? marry come up ! I trow.

Is this the pultice for my aking bones ?

Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ; come, what says *Romeo* ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence*' cell,
 There stays a husband to make you a wife.
 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks——
 Hie you to church, I must another way,
 To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
 Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
 I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
 Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune:
 Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. SO smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
 That after-hours of sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
 That one short minute gives me in her sight:
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
 Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
 It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
 Which as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite:
 Therefore love mod'rately.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
 A lover may bestride the gossamour,
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy Joy

Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and servants.

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon
the table, and says, God send me no need of thee; and
by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer,
when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy
mood as any in *Italy*; an' there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou!
why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more,
or a hair less in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt
quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other
reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes; thou hast
quarrell'd

quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tib. Be near at hand, for I will speak to them:
Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tib. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort? what, dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance, zounds! consort!

[Laying his hand on his Sword.]

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery.

Tib. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To

To such a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
And so, good *Capulet* (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable vile submission!
Ha! *la flocata* carries it away—*Tibalt*—you rat-
catcher.

Tib. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by
the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere
it be out.

Tib. I am for you, Sir. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy raper up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [*Mer. and Tib. fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen—for shame forbear this outrage—
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*—[*Exit Tibalt.*

Mer. I am hurt—

A plague of both your houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Rom. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry 'tis enough:
Go, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much;

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: I am pepper'd,
I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houses!
What? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the
book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between
us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint; a plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too; plague take your houses;
Your *Mountagues* and *Capulets* together! [*Exe. Mer. Ben.*

S C E N E II.

Rom. **T**HIS gentleman, the prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation's stain'd
With *Tibalt's* slander: O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty's power makes me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tibalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
And thou or I, must keep him company.

Tib. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tibalt falls.*]

Ben. *Romeo*, away, begone:
The citizens are up, and *Tibalt* slain——
Stand not amaz'd, the prince will doom thee dead,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool. [Exit *Romeo*.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, Citizens, &c.

Prince. **W**HERE are the vile beginners of this
fray?

Etc. O noble prince, I can discover all.

The

The untucky manage of this fatal quarrel :
There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

Cap. Unhappy fight! alas the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman——Now as thou art a Prince,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.

Prince. *Benvolio*, who began this fray?

Ben. *Tibalt* here slain;

Romeo bespake him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not make truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tibalt*, deaf to peace, but he that tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo*, he cries aloud
Hold friends, friends part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from *Tibalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like light'ning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slain,
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the Truth, or let *Benvolio* suffer.

Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false;
I beg for justice; justice, gracious Prince;
Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
And now the price of his dear blood hath pay'd:

Mount. *Romeo* but took the forfeit life of *Tibalt*.

Prin. And we for that offence do banish him.
I have an int'rest in your heady brawls,
My blood doth flow from brave *Mercutio's* wounds.

But

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent my loss in him.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuse,
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our repeal :
 Therefore use none ; let *Romeo* be gone,
 Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. **G**ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 To *Phæbus'* mansion ; such a waggoner
 As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That th' run-away's eyes may wink : and *Romeo*
 Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Come night, come *Romeo* ! come thou day in night !
 For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon the raven's back :
 Give me my *Romeo*, night, and when he dies
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun : ———
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it ; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O here comes my nurse !

Enter Nurse.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence ;
 Now nurse, what news ?
 Why dost thou wring thy hands ?

Nurse.

Nurse. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone——

Jul. Can heav'n be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that does torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare little word shall poison more
Than the earth darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.
A piteous carse, a bloody piteous carse;
I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break my heart—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tibalt, Tibalt, the best friend I had;
That ever I should live to see thee dead.

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tibalt dead?

Nurse. Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O heaven! did Romeo's hand shed Tibalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.

Jul. O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? O that deceit
should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace.

Nurse. No faith, no honesty in men;
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish, he was not born to shame,
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O what a wretch was I to chide him so?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When

When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
 My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have slain,
 And *Tibalt's* dead that would have kill'd my husband;
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was worser than *Tibalt's* death
 That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
 But oh it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds;
Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
 That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand *Tibalts*: In that word
 Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
 All slain, all dead!—*Romeo is banished!*
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalt's* corpse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? My eyes
 shall flow

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*,
 To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
 I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true lord,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. **R**OMEO come forth, come forth thou fearful
 man,
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri.

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company,
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: Do not say banishment;
'Tis death mis-term'd calling death banishment;
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment,
This is meer mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives. There's more felicity
In carrion-flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished!
O father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal.

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.
I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered:
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Throwing himself on the ground.

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyself.

[Knock within.

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Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark how they knock——*Romeo*, arise.

Who's there?

Thou wilt be taken—stay a while—stand up; [*Knocks.*

Run to my study—By and by——God's will;

What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knock.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand:

I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress's case,
Just in her case: O *Juliet*, *Juliet*!

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood,

Where is she? how does she? what says she?

Nurse. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tibalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her. Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better-temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee?
What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,

Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed ;
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
For then thou can'st not pass to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse ; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to rest,
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all night long
To hear good counsel : oh, what learning is !
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua* ; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here :
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good-night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so soon to part with thee. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E V I.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. **T**Hings have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our
daughter :

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tibalt* dearly,
And so did I — Well, we were born to die —
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night.

Par. These times of grief afford no time to woo :
Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
But soft ; what day ? Well, *Wednesday* is too soon,

On

On *Thursday* (let it be :) you shall be marry'd.
 We'll keep no great ado — a friend or two —
 For, hark you, *Tibalt* being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday* ?

Par. My lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone — on *Thursday* be it then :
 Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed : [To Lady Cap.
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
 Farewel, my lord — light to my chamber, ho !
 Good night. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

The Garden.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window ; a ladder of
 Ropes set.*

Jul. **W**ILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
 It was the Nighingale, and not the Lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
 No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well ;
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua* ;
 Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me beta'en ; let me be put to death,
 If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
 I'll say yon gray is not the morning eye ;
 'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow,
 I'll say, tis not the Lark whose notes do beat,
 The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads ;

Com

ROMEO and JULIET.

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Come death and welcome : *Juliet* wills it so.
What says my love ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence away, be gone ;
It is the Lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Onow be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ? — more dark and dark our
Farewel, my love : one kiss, and I'll be gone. [woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love ! lord ! ah husband, friend !
I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in love's hours there are many days.
O by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel : I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings to my love.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O heav'n ! I have an ill-divining soul,
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb !
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu !

My life, my love, my soul, Adieu ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. O H fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? be fickle, fortune : .

For

For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back again.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why how now, *Juliet*.

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a loss as mine.

La. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The county *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what still in tears,
Evermore showering? Why how now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks:
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud; doth she not count her blest,
(Unworthy as she is,) that we have wrought
So worthy gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap.

Cap. Thank me no thankings,
But settle your fine joints against *Thursday* next,
To go with *Paris* to saint *Peter's* church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fy, fy, what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what; get thee to church a *Thursday*,
Or never-after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. Heaven blefs her:

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so:

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. Good wife, it makes me mad; day, night, late,
early,

At home, abroad; alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping; still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demians; youthful, and nobly allied,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.—
But, if you will not wed, look to't, think on't,
I do not use to jest. — *Thursday* is near.
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:

If

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If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets;
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tibalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.]

Jul. O heav'n! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.

Nurse. Rise, faith here it is:
Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth:
Then, since the case so stands, I think it best
You married with the count.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen, Amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain;
I'll to the friar to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]



ACT



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

F R I A R.

ON *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tibalt's* death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd,
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome my love, my lady, and my wife.

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on *Thursday* next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you :
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to thee at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. Heav'n shield, I should disturb devotion :

Juliet, farewell.

[*Exit Paris.*

C

Jul.

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Jul. Go, shut the door ; and when thou hast done so,
Come, weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know your grief.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'st my grief,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this steel I'll help it presently.

Heav'n join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,

And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Give to another, this shall slay them both :

Therefore out of thy long experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel, or behold

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody dagger

Shall play the umpire ; ———

Speak now, be brief ; for I desire to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do 'spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If rather than to marry County *Paris*

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,

Then it is likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to free thee from this marriage,

And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,

From off the battlements of yonder tower ;

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,

Where roaring bears and savage lions roam ;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls,

Or bid me go into a new made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud :

Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me trem-
ble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, *Juliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed :

(Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :)

And

And when thou art alone, take thou this vial,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsie humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; the eyes windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the vial.*]

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve, I'll send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help
afford.

Farewel, dear father——

[*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E II.

*Capulet's House.**Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*

Cap. **W**HAT, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nurse. Ay forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from her confession.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon; pardon I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence*' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. This is as't should be.
Now afore heav'n this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow.

La Cap.

La. Cap. No not till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, Nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, all things shall be well,
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her:
I'll not to bed, but walk myself to *Paris*,
T'appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,
Since this faine wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.]

S C E N E III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. **A**Y, those attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself to night:
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam, we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Then good night:
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [Exeunt.]

Jul. Farewel, — heav'n knows when we shall meet
again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse, — yet what should they do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

[Takes out the phial.

Come, vial—What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be married to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there —

[Pointing to a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the Friar

Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,

For he hath still been tried, a holy man —

How, if when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsom air breathes in?

Or if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort —)

Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)

And madly play with my forefathers joints,

And pluck the mangled *Tibalt* from his shroud?

And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone

As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?

O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out *Romeo* — Stay, *Tibalt*, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[Drinks.

[She throws herself on the bed,

SCENE

S C E N E. IV.

A HALL.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La Cap. **H**OLD, take these keys, and fetch more spices, Nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet and Lady meeting.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock;
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean go;
Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

[Play musick.]

The County will be here with musick straight,
For so he said he would—I hear him near.
Nurse,—wife,—what ho? what nurse, I say?

Enter Nurse,

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up.
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haste;
Make haste, I say.

[Exit Capulet.]

S C E N E V.

SCENE draws and discovers Juliet on a bed.

Nurse. **M**istress, what mistress! *Juliet*— Fast, I warrant her,
 Why, lamb—why, lady—Fy, you slug-a-bed——
 Why, love, I say—Madam, sweet heart—why, bride——
 What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
 Sleep for a week; for the next night I warrant,
 That you shall rest but little—God forgive me——
 Marry and amen—How sound is she asleep?
 I must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
 Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
 He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
 What drest, and in your cloaths—and down again!
 I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady,——
 Alas, alas! help! help! my lady's dead,
 O well-a-day, that ever I was born?
 Ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look——oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:

Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, she's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her——Out alas, she's cold,
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
 Life and these lips have long been separated:
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter

ROMEO and JULIET. 57

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before the wedding-day
Death has embrac'd thy wife: see, there she lies.
Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him!
Oh *Juliet*, oh my Child, Child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day.

Cap. Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to enjoy and solace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

Fri. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness;
Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now, heav'n hath all——

Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corps,
And as the custom of our country is,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

Cap. All things that we ordained to festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
And bridal flowers serve for a buried coarfe.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT V. SCENE I.

The inside of a Church.

Enter the funeral procession of *Juliet*, in which the following Dirge is sung.

CHORUS.

RISE, rise!
 Heart-breaking sighs
 The woe-fraught bosom swell;
 For sighs alone,
 And dismal moan,
 Should echo *Juliet's* knell.

AIR.

*She's gone — the sweetest flow'r of May,
 That blooming blest our sight;
 Those eyes which shone like breaking day,
 Are set in endless night!*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

AIR.

*She's gone, she's gone, nor leaves behind
 So fair a form, so pure a mind;
 How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy,
 The Lover's hope, the Parent's joy?*

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise! &c.

AIR.

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A I R.

*Thou spotless Soul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd sorrow see;
Oh give us strength to bear our woe,
To bear the loss of Thee!*

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise! &c.

S C E N E II.

M A N T U A.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthazar.

News from *Verona*—How now, *Balthazar*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet*? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—

Bal. My Lord!

Rom.

60 ROMEO and JULIET.

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, good my Lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthazar.]

Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night; —
Let's see for means — O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabout he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
Noting his penury, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh this same thought did but forerun my need,
As I remember this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.
What ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there are forty ducats, let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may soon die.

Ap.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents. [*Exit.*]

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[*Apothecary returns.*]

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordial, and not poison, go with me
To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

John. HOLY *Franciscan* Friar! brother! ho!
Law. This same should be the voice of
Friar *John*,

Welcome from *Mantua*; what says *Romeo*?
Or if his mind bewrit, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;

And

And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 (Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
 So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it; here it is again,
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
 Of dear import, and the neglecting it
 May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
 Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll bring it thee.

[*Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:
 Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
 She will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
 Hath had no notice of these accidents:
 But I will write again to *Mantua*,
 And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
 Poor living coarfe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*

S C E N E. IV.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, with a light.

Par. **G**IVE me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand
 aloof.
 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
 Under yond yew-tree lay thee all along,
 Placing thy ear close to the hollow ground;

So

So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. *[Exit.]*

Par. Sweet flow'rs! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
strew; *[Strewing flowers.]*

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[The boy whistles.]

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach—

What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my obsequies?

What, with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

[Paris retires.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a light.

Rom. **G**IVE me the wrenching iron,
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Put out the torch, and on thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,

And

64 *ROMEO and JULIET.*

And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs ;
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this fame, I'll hide me near this place ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth ;
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.

[Breaking open the monument.]

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. *[Shewing himself.]* Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile
Montague :

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee ;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man,
Fly hence and leave me :

By heaven I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defie thy pity and thy counsel,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy. *[They fight, Paris falls.]*

Page. Oh lord, they fight ! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh I am slain ; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will : let me peruse this face—
Mercutio's kinsman ! Noble County Paris !
Give me thy hand,

One writ with me in four misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,
For here lies *Juliet*—Oh my love, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And

ROMEO and JULIET. 65

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Oh *Juliet*, why art thou yet so fair—here, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary flesh.
 Come bitter conduct, come unfavoury guide,
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:
 No more—here's to my love—eyes, look your last;
 Arms, take your last embrace; and Lips, do you
 The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss.—
 Soft—soft—she breathes, and stirs! [*Juliet wakes.*]

Ful. Where am I? defend me, powers!

Rom. She speaks, she lives; and we shall still be
 blest'd!

My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now
 For all my sorrows past—rise, rise my *Juliet*,
 And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
 Quick let me snatch thee to thy *Romeo's* arms,
 There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
 And call thee back to life and love! [*Takes her hand.*]

Ful. Bless me! how cold it is! who's there!

Rom. Thy husband,

It is thy *Romeo*, love; rais'd from despair
 To joys unutterable! quit, quit this place,
 And let us fly together— [*Brings her from the tomb.*]

Ful. Why do you force me so—I'll ne'er consent—
 My strength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd,—
 I'll not wed *Paris*,—*Romeo* is my husband—

Rom. Her senses are unsettl'd—restore 'em, Heav'n!
Romeo is thy husband; I am that *Romeo*,
 Nor all th' opposing pow'rs of earth or man,
 Can break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

Ful. I know that voice—Its magic sweetness wakes
 My tranced soul—I now remember well
 Each circumstance—Oh my lord, my *Romeo*!
 Had'st thou not come, sure I had slept for ever;
 But there's a sovereign charm in thy embraces
 That can revive the dead—Oh honest *Friar*! —

Dost

Dost thou avoid me, *Romeo*? let me touch
 Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—
 You fright me—speak—Oh let me hear some voice
 Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
 Or I shall faint—support me—

Rom. Oh I cannot,
 I have no strength, but want thy feeble aid,
 Cruel poison!

Jul. Poison! what means my lord; thy trembling
 voice!

Pale lips! and swimming eyes! death's in thy face!

Rom. It is indeed—I struggle with him now—
 The transports that I felt, to hear thee speak,
 And see thy op'ning eyes, stopt for a moment
 His impetuous course, and all my mind
 Was happiness and thee; but now the poison
 Rushes thro' my veins—I've not time to tell—
 Fate brought me to this place—to take a last,
 Last farewell of my love and with thee die.

Jul. Die! was the *Friar* false!

Rom. I know not that—

I thought thee dead; distracted at the sight,
 (Fatal speed) drank poison, kiss'd thy cold lips,
 And found within thy arms a precious grave—
 But in that moment—Oh—

Jul. And did I wake for this!

Rom. My powers are blasted,
 'Twixt death and love I'm torn—I am distracted!
 But death's strongest—and must I leave thee, *Juliet*!
 Oh cruel cursed fate! in sight of heav'n—

Jul. Thou rav'st—lean on my breast—

Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt
 'em.

Nature pleads in vain—Children must be wretched—

Jul. Oh my breaking heart—

Rom. She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together—
Capulet, forbear—*Paris*, loose your hold—
 Pull not our heart-strings thus—they crack—they
 break—

Oh

Oh *Juliet* ! *Juliet* !

[Dies.

Ful. Stay, stay, for me, *Romeo*—
A moment stay ; fate marries us in death,
And we are *one*— no pow'r shall part us.

[Faints on *Romeo's* body.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with lanthorn, crow and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night,
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! who's there,
Alack, alack ! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre !

Ful. Who's there !

Fri. Ah *Juliet* awake, and *Romeo* dead !
And *Paris* too— Oh what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !

Ful. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast,
They shall not tear him from me —

Fri. Patience, Lady—

Ful. Who is that ! Oh thou cursed Friar ! patience !
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me !

Fri. O fatal error ! rise, thou fair distressed,
And fly this scene of death !

Ful. Come thou not near me,
Or this dagger shall quit my *Romeo's* death.

[Draws a dagger.

Fri. I wonder not thy griefs have made thee desp'rate.
What noise without ? sweet *Juliet*, let us fly —

A greater pow'r than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents — come, haste away.

I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns :

Stay not to question — for the watch is coming,
Come, go good *Juliet* — I dare no longer stay. [Exit.

Ful. Go, get thee hence, I will not away —
What's here ! a phial — *Romeo's* timeless end.

O churl drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after — I will kiss thy lips,

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them —

[Kisses him.

[Watch

[Watch and Page within.]

Watch. Lead, boy, which way —

Jul. Noise again!

Then I'll be brief—Oh happy dagger!

This is thy sheath, there rest and let me die.

[Kills herself.]

Boy. This is the place—my liege.

Enter Prince, &c.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from its morning's rest?

Enter Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?
The people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet* and some *Paris*; and all run
With open outcry tow'rd our monument.

Prin. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sov'reign, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead—*Juliet* thought dead before
Is warm and newly kill'd—

Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fall'n—

Moun. Alas my liege my wife is dead to night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath:
What farther woe conspires against my age!

Prin. Look there—and see—

Moun. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave!

Prin. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring and head—mean time forbear
And let mischance be slave to patience:
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri.

Fri. I am the greatest.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know of this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath,
Is not so long, as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
I married them; and when you would have giv'n her
Per force to *Paris*, then she comes to me,
And with wild looks bids me devise some means,
To rid her from this second marriage:
Or in my cell she'd kill herself—I gave her
A sleeping potion, whose effects wrought on her
The form of death—mean time I write to *Romeo*,
That he should come to take her from the tomb.—
The letter which I wrote was staid by accident:
Then alone at the fix'd hour of waking,
Came I to this place, where untimely lay
Paris and *Romeo* dead—*Juliet* awake
Was raving on the ground—I intreated her
To fly with me—but then a noise did scare me,
She desp'rate would not leave her husband's body,
But as it seems did violence on herself:
All this I know; and if ought in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before its time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prin. We still have known thee for a holy man:
Where be these enemies, *Capulet*! *Mountague*!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate.

Cap. Oh brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while *Verona* by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be priz'd,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prin

Prin. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
Let *Romeo's* man and let the boy attend us:
We'll hence and farther scan these sad disasters:
Well may you mourn, my Lords, (now wise too late)
These tragic issues of your mutual hate:
From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow;
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is W O E.

F I N I S.



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